



Lights



scifi, scifi horror

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Chapter 1 by Kegan-Lili

I hadn't meant to kill him. He'd appeared so suddenly and with such ill intent, what was I supposed to do? One second I had been sitting around the campfire, smoking a bowl or two with friends, and now...Well, now I'm not so sure I'm even in the same county. This wasn't my small village in the middle of nowhere, this was a concrete jungle. I'd woken up in a car park, alone and sticky in a stagnant sweat from the summer heat. "Where the fuck..." I groaned, attempting to sit up, clutching at my aching head. "Where is everyone?" It had to be around midday, but the streets were deserted. For a supermarket car park, it was surprisingly empty. I felt my pockets, searching for my phone which had seemingly disappeared into the void, when a figure dressed in black ran towards me at full speed. Without thinking, I grabbed a shopping basket from the floor and swung for his head. With a tinny clatter, it made contact with his skull and he dropped to the floor. I hadn't hit him hard, in fact it felt like he'd barely made contact with the basket. If it hadn't been for the sound I'd had swung a second time, but he was out cold. "Shit...Oh shit..." I muttered, backing away from the figure, expecting to hear sirens any second. None came.

I gather my bearings and scan the area for a more reliable weapon, in case of more aggressive strangers. Against the loading dock of the supermarket lies a large, broken wooden pallet. Pulling a plank from the pallet, I use it as a club. I take a deep breath and move towards the street.

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For such a built up area, it was downright eerie to be completely alone. No pedestrians, no traffic, Nothing. The car park lead out to a main road of sorts, typical shops lining either side with a petrol station opposite where she was standing, it's lights were on but it was unmanned. What was going on? Did I unknowingly get so wankered last night that I'd slept through the rapture? Unlikely. I stand for a moment, opening and closing my eyes rapidly, trying to wake myself up...unsuccessfully. Reluctantly, I walk out onto the street, looking for someone, anyone who could shine a light on what was going on in this place. Wherever 'this place' was.

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